



THE HOOK: ITS APPLICATIONS TO OTHERS AND TO OURSELVES. A HANDBOOK FOR MENTAL MECHANICS

LEWIS JESSE BRIDGMAN

The Hook: Its Applications to Others and to Ourselves. a Handbook for Mental Mechanics

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By L. J. Bridgman

Small, Maynard & Company
Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

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The Hook

Its Appli cation to others
and to ourselves

*A Handbook
for
Mental
Mechanics*



By L.J. Bridgman

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Introductory.

"Get the hook! Get the hook!"

Some one calls in the crowd,

And a lot of us hoot

While the victim is cowed.

Here's a guide-book of hooks.

Let us all overlook it

If penniless students

Or fishermen hook

it.

“William, hook up
my waist!”

Well, I did what I could,
Hunting forty-nine
hooks

As impatient she stood:

But the forty-ninth hook
Didn't come right, and then
I just had to begin
At the first one again!



Coats of arms on his
letters

And family trees
On his wall, he is anxious
That every one sees.

The man brags of his
fathers,
Described in a book,
Let us anchor the Mayflower!
Give her the hook!



Lo, the faker apostle!
So holy his thrills!
But the same can't compare
With the size of his bills!

"I am fishing for souls!"
He declares to his
scholars,
But he doesn't desist
If he only hooks dollars.

*Slick Sales
and
Small Prophets*



As a sample of patience
The angler is great.
Though mosquitoes and
hours
May fly, he will wait

If he catches no fish,
“Well, I’ve still got the
hook!”

He exclaims with a thankful
And satisfied look.



"There's a lamb on the
street

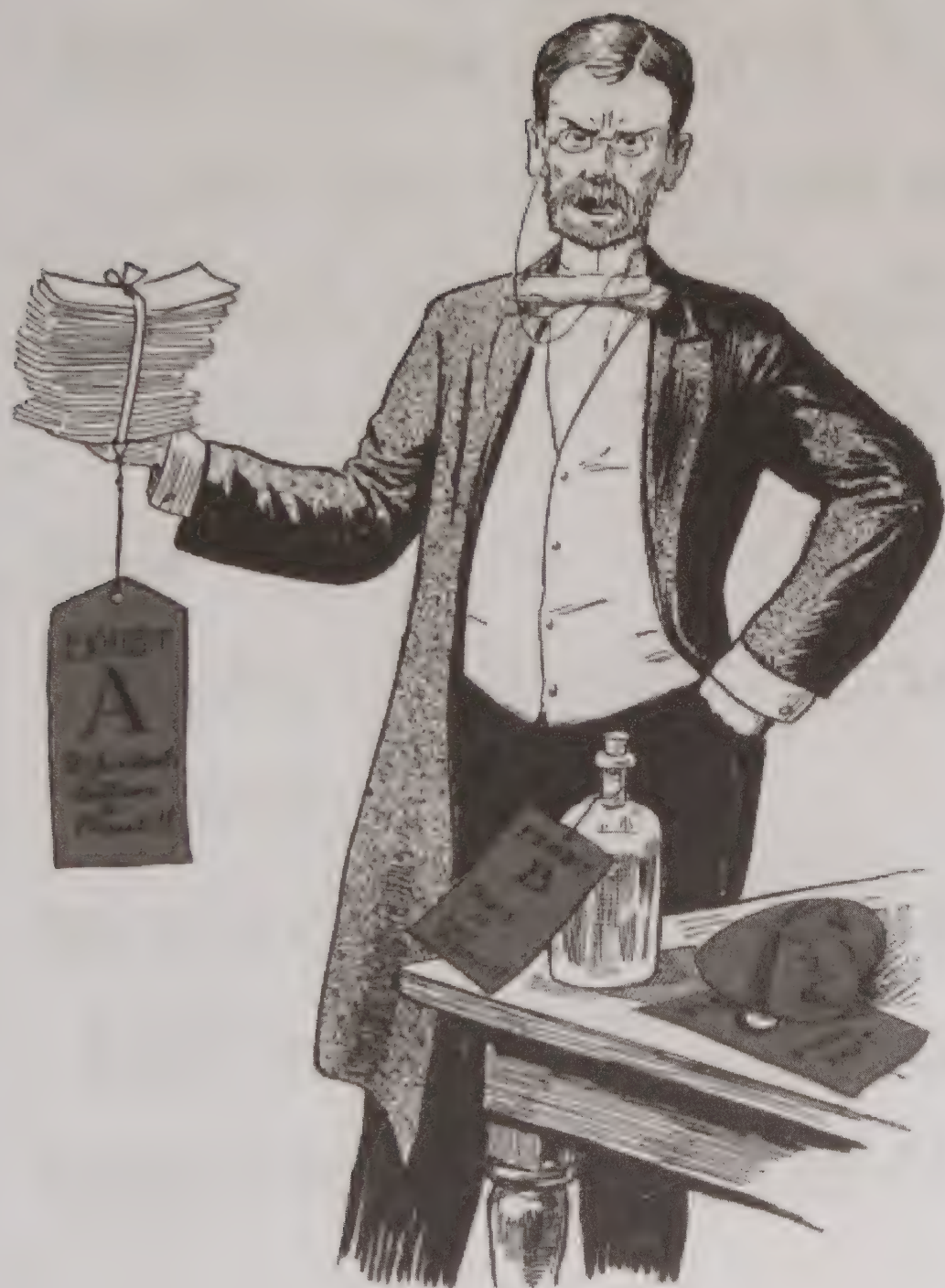
And he's gambolling high!"
Called the bull to the bear,
With a wink in his eye.

And the lamb loving bear,
With his old shep-
herd's crook,
Chased his 3.000.000 th lamb
Till the lamb got the hook.



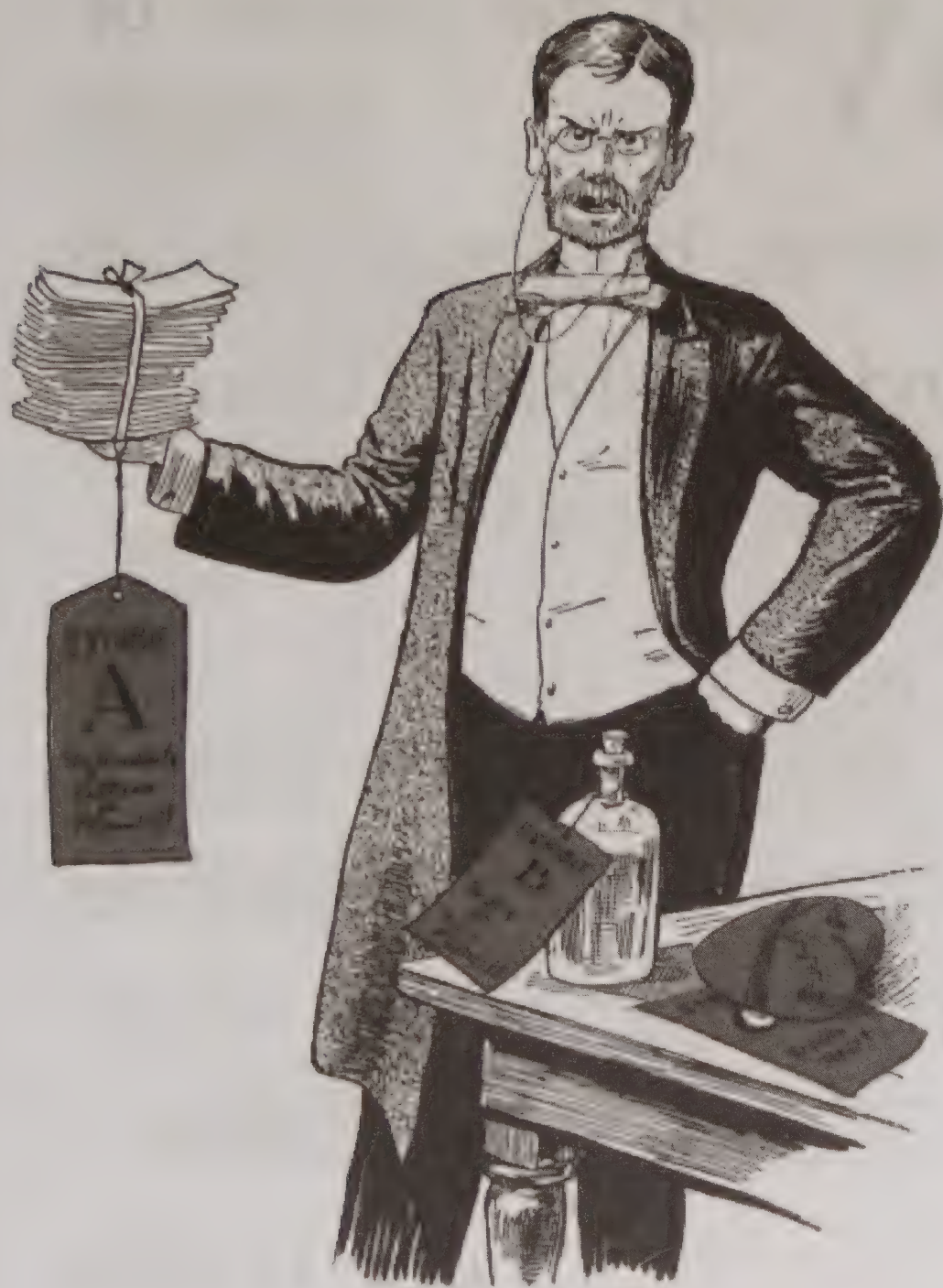
Do be careful, young man,
When you write to a maid,
For the feelings may die
Ere the writing shall fade!

And the bre(^e_a)ches of
promise
Have pockets, gadzooks!
And the pockets are filled
With assortments of hooks!



Do be careful, young man,
When you write to a maid,
For the feelings may die
Ere the writing shall fade!

And the bre(°)ches of
promise
Have pockets, gadzooks!
And the pockets are filled
With assortments of hooks!



When the fakers of
nature

Write books of the bear
And the terrible tiger
Who lurks in a lair,

It is safer to borrow
Some clauses from books
Than to get within reach
Of real claws with
real hooks.



He waxed rich on the
work

Of the girl who begins
Life's great task in her
teens

But he died in his sins.
When the devil was told
He must take him to cook,
He said, "Faugh! I can't
touch him!
Oh, get me a hook!"



“Ah! You’re fishing for
men!”

You use beauty for bait
On your hook, pretty Nell,
Said the man who stays late.

She replied, “Do you know,
I have read in a book
When we fish for the
lobster
We don’t use a hook.”



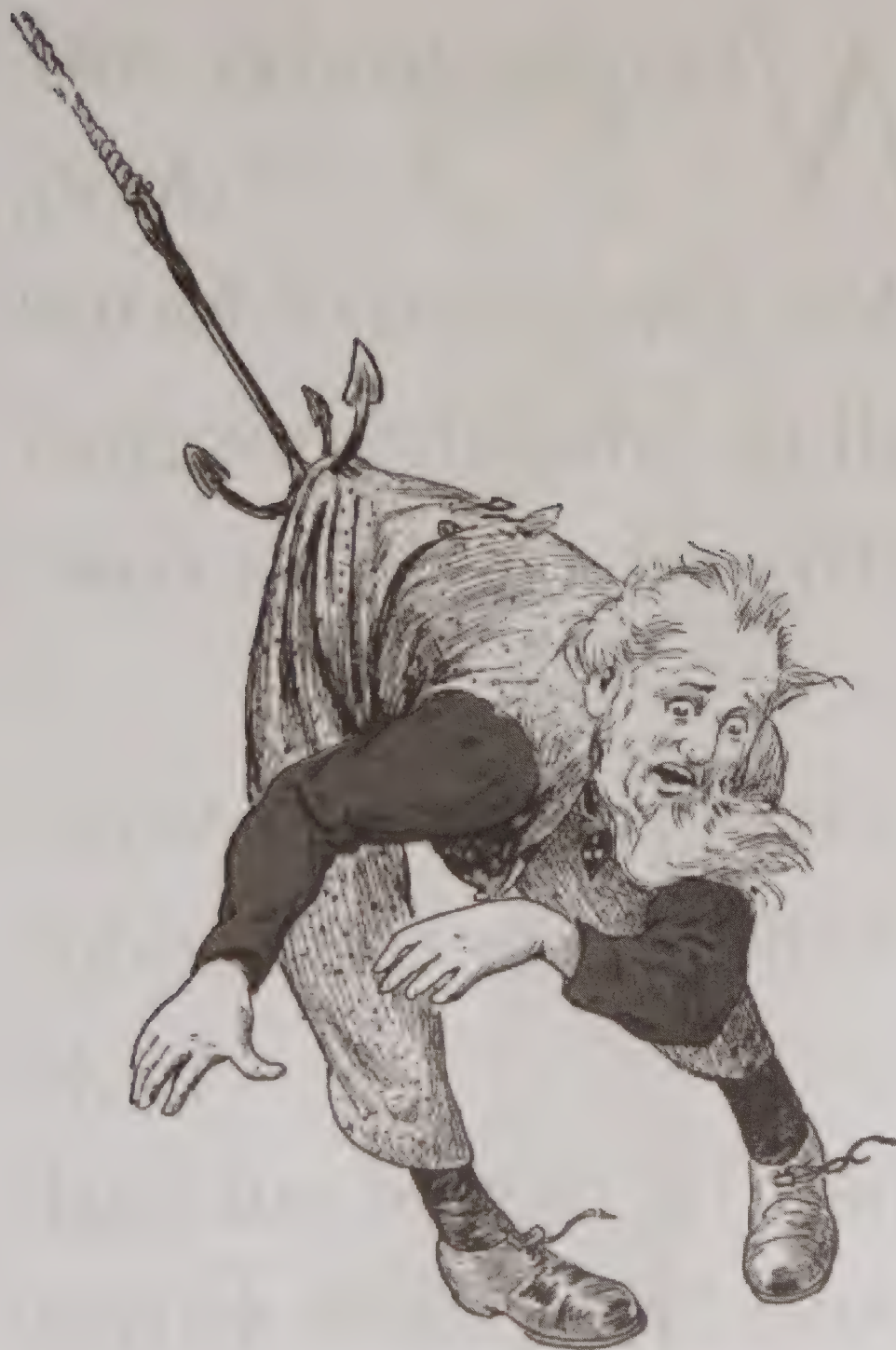


When the air ship went
up,

Reuben stood in its track
And the grapnel caught
Rube

Where his trousers were
slack.

"Naow, by gravy!" said he
As he sailed through the air,
"This is gettin' the hook!
Hope my britches won't tear!"



When the teacher said,
“John,

We have read of the cow.
Tell us what the cow gives
To each one of us, now”,

Johnny paused for a while
With a sheepish, odd
look,

Then he blurted out loud,
“Aw! She gives us the hook!”



Cleopatra said, "Cæsar,
My dearest of beaux,
Tell me what people mean
When they say *Roman*
nose."

Cæsar answered, "Your face
Shows who cornered good looks.
When the gods brought us
noses
They'd kept only hooks."



Just a word to the actors
In naughtycal plays:
Don't rely altogether
On hornpiping ways.

When you fish for applause
With the lines from
the book,
Do not reel them re-
gardless,—
You may get the hook.



On George Washington's
birthday

I caught Valentine
Hooking fish from the fish-
globe,
A fish on his line.

He, remembering George,
Wore a virtuous look
Saying, "Yes sir, I did it
Upon my own hook!"



Said the gossip, "I've heard
Of such scandalous
things!

Now old Deacon Smith's wife
Isn't sprouting her wings!
Of course 'hooking' is
stealing.

Jane looks very smug,
But Jane Smith was
caught, Friday,
A-hooking a rug!



“Please procure the metallic,

Curved instrument made
For prehensory purposes!”
So spake the maid.

She resided in Boston,
I judged by her look.
Was she meaning to
tell me
Just plain ‘get the hook’?



Once, I dreamed, the old
world,

Meeting Cupid one day
Without knowing his boss,
Yelled, "Get out of the way!"

And young Cupid just reached
For the moon's crescent hook
And he jabbed the big
world

Till he bellowed and shook.



“Tell me, what will support us?”

Elizabeth said.

Humph! Support! Such
a thought
Hadn't entered his head.
They were nicely supported
In shadowy nooks,
For the most of the
summer,
By two hammock hooks.



The romantic Priscilla
Was heard to declare,
“I’ll wed none but a hero!
The brave for the fair!

But a wealthy young
Willie,
Gold bonds on his hook,
Came a-fishing and all,
Hook and sinker, she took!



"Sammy's swallowed a hook!
Doctor, get it out quick!"
Surgeon Cutts went to work
Like the very Old Nick.

"Quite successful!" Cutts
said

With victorious look ,
"Sammy's feeling cut up,
But I've rescued
the hook!"



A shrewd citizen fished
In a syndicate pool.
I looked 'round for his bait
And he called me a fool!

“Don't you savvy?”

he said,

With a pitying look,
“We don't need any bait
When we use a
gold hook!”



With a wild staring eye
And no temper at all,
Hubby labors to button
A collar too small.

At the forty-ninth trial,
Despair in his look,
Comes his wife to the
rescue
With her button-hook.



The policeman said, "Why
Should I carry a gun?
I've patrolled twenty years
And I've not needed one.

What I need is a
hook
For the man with a jag.
He is heavy to lift
When he's limp as a rag."



When the national Eagle
Is looking for war
Some one's likely to find
What his talons are for.

Also notice his beak
With its sharp little crook
And be careful now,
strangers,
Look out for that hook!



Jane said, "Buy hooks
and eyes!"

As John left for the train.

In the town he forgot

Till he came home again.

"You don't need other eyes,
Jane,"

He smirked. Dark her looks!

"I have eyes," said she

snapping,

"But you'll get the hooks!"



At a fire there talked
A Mr. Know-it-all. He
Knows much better than
chiefs

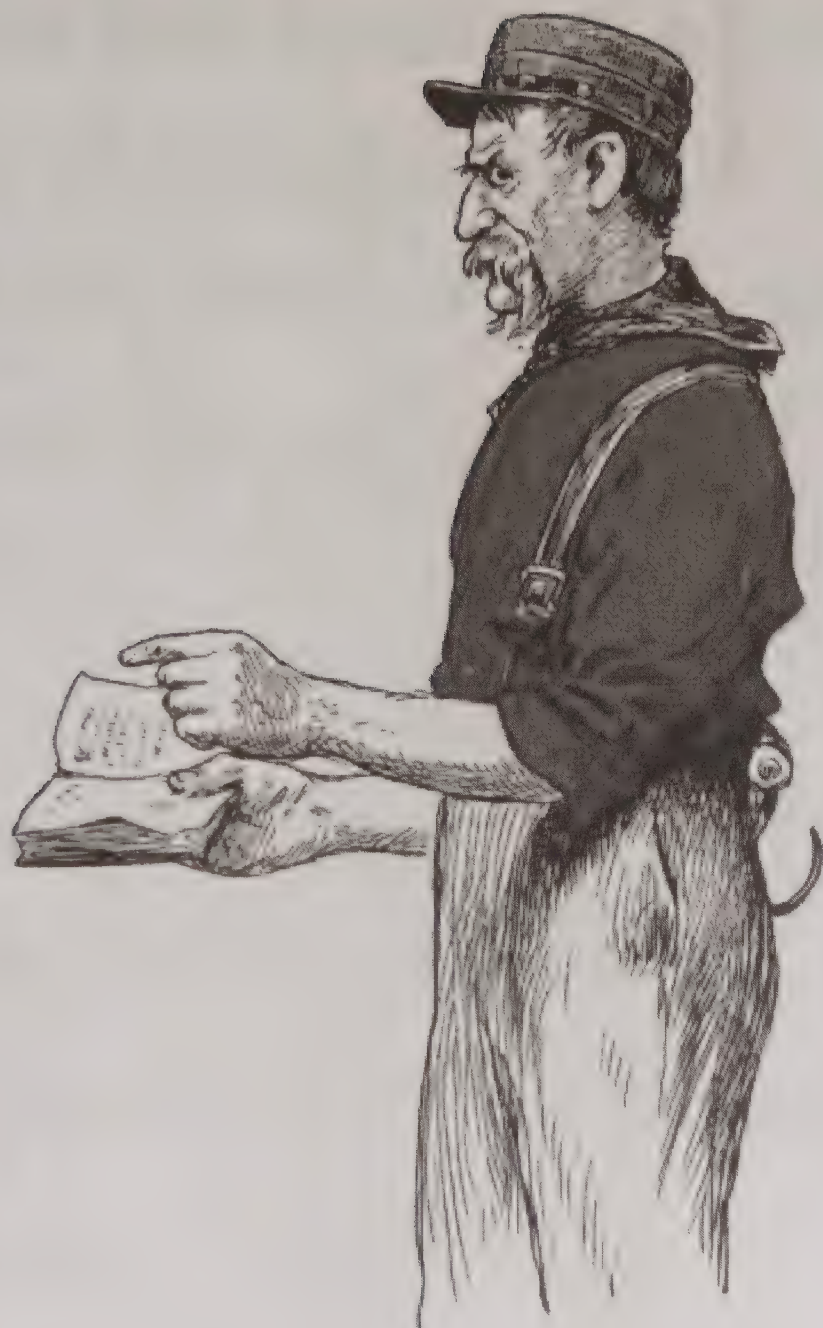
What their duties should
be!

It was thought acci-
dental

And due to the smoke
That a fireman's hook
Held him fast for a soak.



Hood wrote, "Take her
up tenderly,
Lift her with care,"
But the freight handler
criticised,
Cross as a bear,
"Such a waste of good English
In poetry books!
He could pack it all into
Three words: *Use no
hooks!*"



He has faced shot and shell
And has medals for pluck,
But there's one little point
Where his courage has stuck.

There's a man he has feared
Till he wobbled and shook,
Just the pains-taking
dentist,
With his little hook.

DR. HOOKER
DENTIST
Walk Right In.
Don't Stop to Ring.



In his very red coat,
Mr. Toots of the band
Met a bull of hot temper,
An old firebrand.

"Shoo! Now hook it!"

yelled Toots

And the bull did his best.

Well, I won't tell what

followed,-

You might be distressed!



In a speech metaphoric,
The lumberman said
To a canting young par-
son.

Who blushed very red,
"The old cant hook is good
In my business ,
that's true,
But for snatching
poor sinners
The cant hook wont do."



“Jack’s a rising young
artist,”

His ma said, one day,
And Jack went to sketch
sailors,

But got in their way.
So they hooked to his belt
The great hook block and,
look!

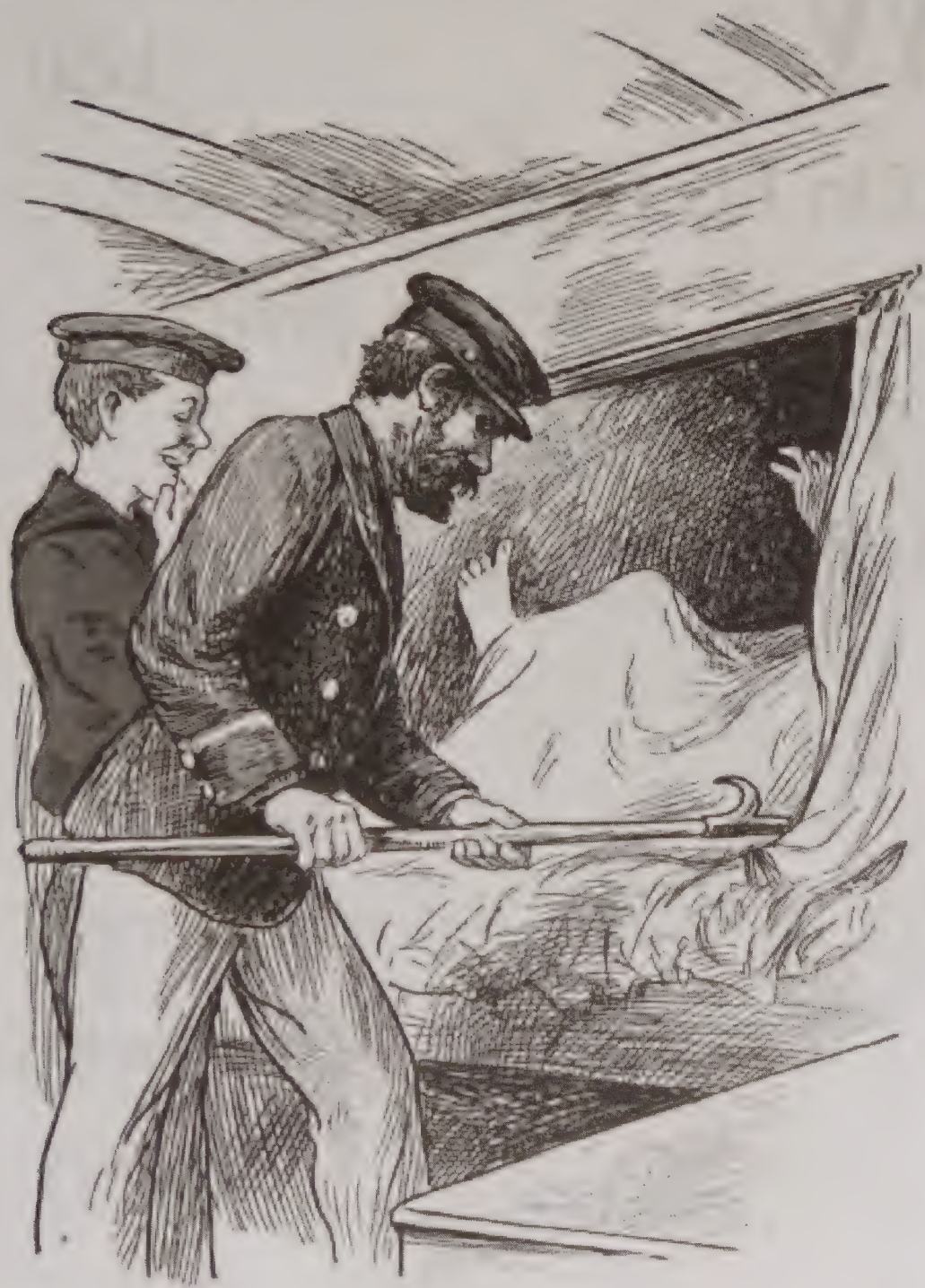
He’s a rising young artist!”
Exclaimed the ship’s cook.



“There’s no swearing
allowed

On this ship,” said the
mate.

“Should the cabin boy sleep
Just a little too late,
Do I then get excited
And rave like one drunk?
No, I grab up a
boat-hook
And jab at his bunk.”



When the grafter puts
bait

On his hook for the vote,
He will take any platform
To use for a float,
And all geese should beware
When they swim near
his raft,
For his gaff-hook is long.
Many geese have been
gaffed.



The old cart-horse was
dragging

A log chain whose links
And stout hook would

hold up

The great African sphinx.
Though a motor car honked,
“Stand aside there, you
jay!”

He was glad of that hook
At the close of the day.



There are two things
we give
With the greatest delight,
And our generous offer
Holds good day and night.

First, *advice*, free as air.
Nothing charged in our books.
Next, to those who ad-
vise us,
We freely give *hooks*.

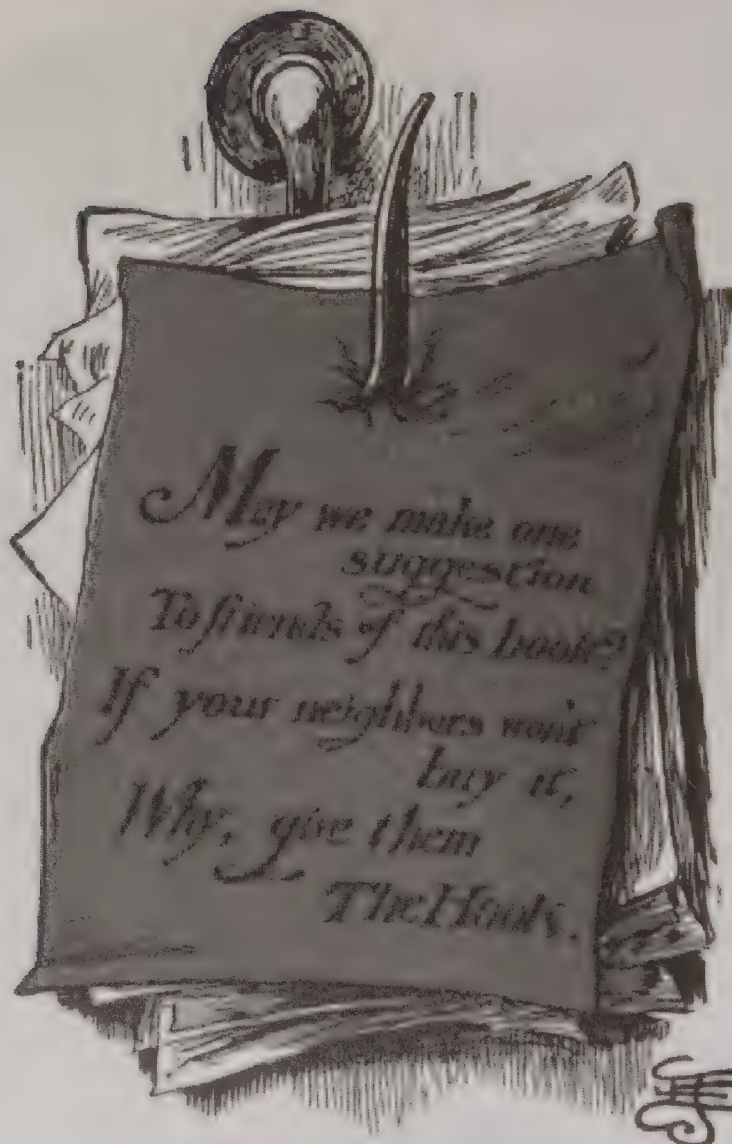


When we're getting too old
To enjoy a good joke,
And we're out of the run-
ning

And peevishly poke,
And complain of the world
From the king to the
cook,

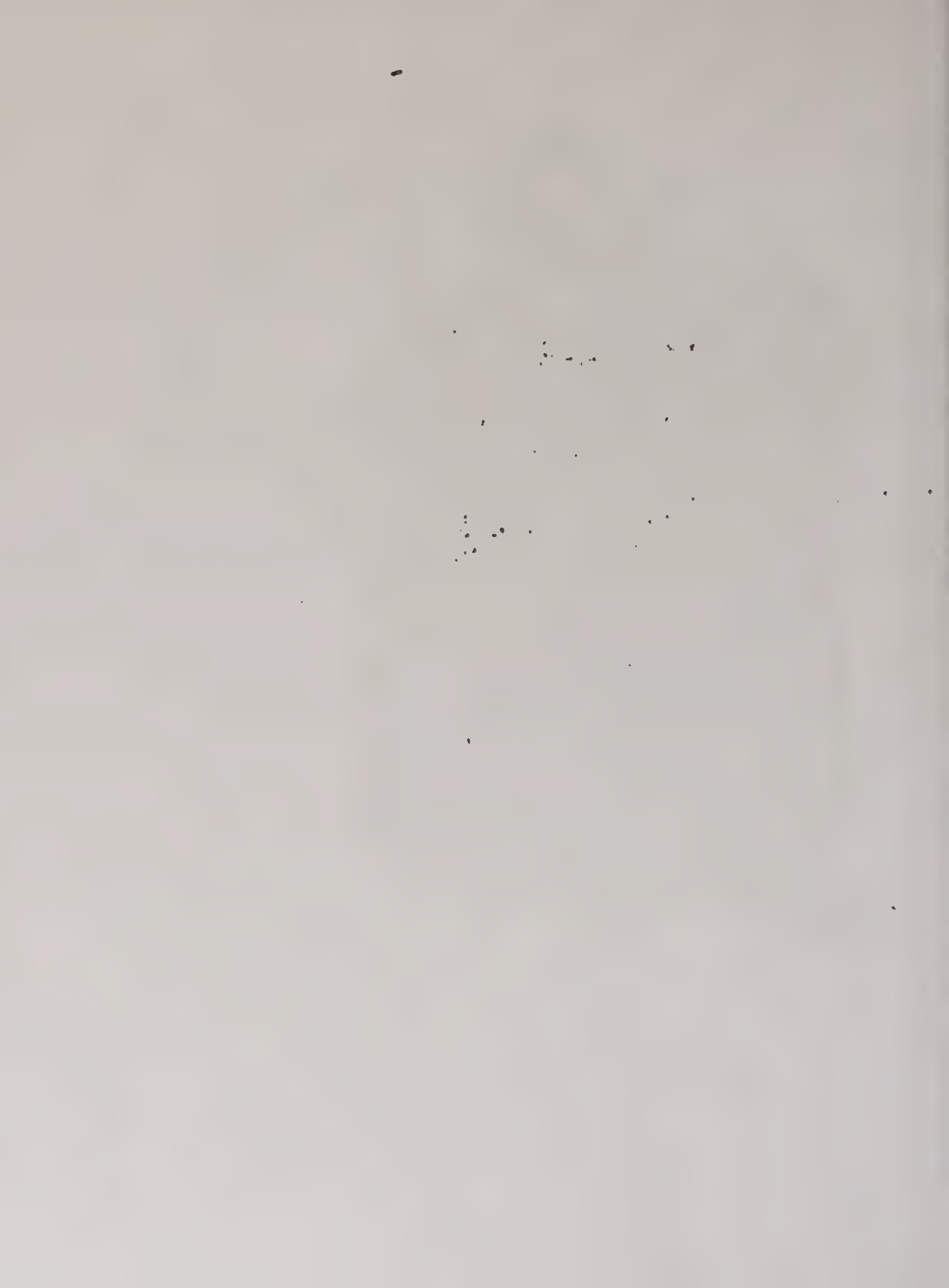
Then expect Father Time
With his grim reaping
hook.





*May we make one
suggestion
To friends of this book?
If your neighbors want
to buy it,
Why, give them
The Hook.*

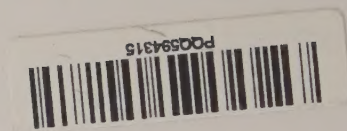
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